

Little Red Riding Hood





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Once upon a time, in a cottage
near a wood,
there lived a pretty little girl.
Her grandmother, who lived on the
other side of the wood, had made
a beautiful red hood for her, and
everybody called her 'Red Riding-Hood'.



One day her mother said to
Red Riding-Hood: "My dear, your
grandmother has been ill, so I want you
to go and see if she is better, and take
her some nice things in this basket.



“Go straight along the road; do not play or idle, and do not talk to any one.”









But Red Riding-Hood went through
the wood, thinking it by far
the prettier way, and in
the wood she met an old wolf.
Now this wolf wanted to eat her,
but was afraid, because of
some woodcutters
not far off, so he asked her where
she was going, and got her to tell him
all about her grandmother.



When the wolf had found out all he wanted to know, he ran as fast as he could towards the grandmother's cottage. But Red Riding-Hood, finding it very pleasant in the wood, dawdled along, picking flowers here and gathering nuts there, making posies, and chasing butterflies.

Meantime the wolf had reached the cottage and knocked gently on the door. The grandmother asked who it was, and, speaking in a squeaky voice, he pretended to be Red Riding-Hood. Hearing that, the grandmother, who was in bed, called out; "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." And the wolf did as she said.





The door then
opened, and
the wolf
rushed into
the cottage,
and, springing
on the old woman,

gobbled her up, for he had eaten
nothing for a long time, and was very
hungry. Then he shut the door, and,
putting on the grand-mother's
nightgown, nightcap and spectacles,
got into bed to wait for
Red Riding-Hood.

He had not long to wait.
In a little while the child came tapping
at the door, and the wolf, making
his voice as soft as possible,
told her to pull the bobbin,
lift the latch and enter.





When she stepped into the cottage, the wolf covered himself up well in the bedclothes, and told her to sit beside him. So Red Riding-Hood sat down, but when she saw how strange her granny looked, she said:

“Oh, grandmamma, what great arms you have got!”

“All the better to hug you, my dear.”
Red Riding-Hood then said:

“Oh, grandmamma, what great ears and eyes you have got!”

All the better to hear and see you, my dear.” Red Riding-Hood looked again and then said: “Oh, grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!”

“All the better to eat you, my dear!” said the wolf, and sprang up in bed to seize the little girl, and gobble her up.





But at that moment a wood-cutter who was Red Riding-Hood's father, and had come to take her home, peeped in at the window and saw the wolf springing out of the bed.

He quickly ran in and soon chopped off the wicked wolf's head with his axe. Then he lifted poor Red Riding-Hood in his arms. The little girl was very much frightened, and threw her arms round her father's neck and cried bitterly. Then the woodcutter, holding her very tightly to make her feel quite safe, carried her home.



And as he went along he sang
to her these wise words:

“A little maid must be afraid
To do other than her mother told her;
Of idling must be wary, of gossiping
be chary, she'll learn prudence by
the time that she is older.”







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